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investigate the relation and correspondence, or lack of correspondence, between our world of ideas and the external world of reality? To say that psychic activities are merely functions of compounds of carbon would, in this case, explain nothing. We still have no guarantee that the thing we remember is the record of anything that actually happened.

It would likewise be wrong to imply that there is any close similarity between Spinoza and Haeckel. The real congeners of Haeckel's philosophy are to be found largely in the Eighteenth Century. To us there is no fundamental difference between the present philosophy and Holbach's "System of Nature" and Helvetius's "*De l'Esprit*." Where Haeckel says process, Helvetius and Holbach said chance or necessity, and where there is no aim to the process we do not see that there is any particular difference. Perhaps we are old-fashioned, but it does seem as if Haeckel's philosophy were inadequate in its conclusions, and what is more serious, restricted in its outlook upon life. For him, reality, at its best, can be measured with a yardstick; at its worst, with the micrometer calipers. It considers, after all, but a single set of phenomena, but one aspect of the truth. He has carefully circumscribed a system of facts, leavened them with a conjecture to make them a unit, and then explained them with an "Eureka." This is as easy as setting up a man of straw and knocking him down again. We will not say that it is as unprofitable, for on Haeckel's part it has been an earnest endeavor to solve problems that deeply concern us all. His training as a scientist has stood in his light as a philosopher. That part of his work which deals with science shows him an investigator who will stand with the foremost of his century. He has the rare distinction of having contributed materially to the sum of human knowledge. But all this science has here become only the stair to his philosopher's tower of ivory. To us this tower is a mere castle in Spain, and the last words on evolution are still unuttered.

CHRISTIAN GAUSS.

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NEW MEMORIES OF BEACONSFIELD.\*

THE most bizarre figure that has attained prééminence in English politics since Charles James Fox is that of Benjamin

\* "Lord Beaconsfield and Other Tory Memories." By T. E. Kebbel. New York: Mitchell Kennerley, 1907.

Disraeli. He pretended to have opened his heart to his countrymen in his early novels, and in his latest years the reviewers asserted that "Lothair" and "Endymion" were only continuations of his autobiography. But the real man was always masked behind a semi-Oriental nature. His contemporaries in public life seldom fathomed the subtleties of his indirection in dealing with affairs of state. His policy never was to grapple with grave issues in the open; and, after Disraeli loomed large above the political horizon, Gladstone, his inevitable antagonist, adopted many Disraelian tricks of debate,—circumlocutionary methods for attaining desired ends.

Preëminently, Disraeli would not have suffered from a Boswell, and the best features of Mr. Kebbel's volume are those that have the Boswellian flavor. Before the days of stenography, Johnson's reports of Edmund Burke's speeches made the orator immortal: doubtless there was much more of Johnson in them than Burke: but Boswell did for Johnson what nobody yet has done for Disraeli. Lord Rowton, who, as Montagu Corry, served as his long-while secretary, produced a starched biography of the statesman that fell far short of disclosing the man's personality. Rowton gave to a lay figure the birth certificate and the chief characteristics of a masterly career.

The real Disraeli has remained an enigma. Beginning as a Radical, scoring a dead failure in his first address in the Commons, this man swerved into Toryism at the Tattenham Corner of his first race for precedence, developed a speed with which his associates had not credited him and finished a career at the Congress of Berlin in imperial glory.

How did it come about? For the first time, we are afforded an insight into the life of this promulgator of Imperial Britain,—not its creator, as Lord Rowton would have us to believe, for that honor must be accorded to Clive, Wolfe and others. Mr. T. E. Kebbel, a veteran Tory journalist of London, has supplied much new information about Disraeli, and yet he has stopped short of what one would suppose he might have furnished. The position of invited guest at Hughenden gave to him a handicap that any man of strict sensibilities might feel; but his book is an important acquisition to the recent political chronicles of England. We learn therein how a young Jewish coxcomb, who started as a *flâneur*, was enabled to steady himself by marrying a fortune,

and to develop himself into the second personality among English statesmen of the Nineteenth Century. The first place is accorded to Wellington, only because of his transcendent opportunities and the glamour that attaches to a supremacy attained by the sword rather than by statecraft alone. During his Premiership, however, the hero of Waterloo never executed any *coup* of such everlasting benefit to commercial Britain as was Disraeli's offhand acquisition of the Suez Canal.

Some of Mr. Keibel's comment upon people met at Hughenden is delightfully candid. There he first saw Mrs. Disraeli, "and you do not see every day in the week such a couple as they made. The contrast was striking. There wasn't anything of the fine lady about her. I dare say, she frequently *astonished* those who had much of her society." We may only guess at the meaning of some words in this paragraph; but when we remember that the lady who later became Countess of Beaconsfield had been the widow of a city merchant, it isn't unlikely that eccentricity in the use of the Queen's English was one of her characteristics.

Hughenden, when Mr. Keibel began to visit there in 1864, was famous for its sandwiches, although guests never were able to tell with what meat or fowl they were larded. They were served with a glass of sherry upon the slightest excuse. A bevy of peacocks, brought from Lebanon, were the pets of the place during Beaconsfield's life, and the memorialist tells a pathetic incident regarding the adoption of the beautiful Birds of Paradise by Queen Victoria, at the death of their owner. Many trees about the big house came from the East. Disraeli wasn't a sportsman in any sense; he never had a gamekeeper, and only kept a pair of carriage-horses at his Buckinghamshire home. These "Memories" are most interesting when they approach the Boswell standard. In a few instances, they attain high-water mark, as, for example, in a dainty Hughenden incident when the statesman says to his devoted spouse, who didn't live to see him Premier, "You know I married you for your money, my dear." "That's true," she answered, "but if it were to be done over to-day you'd marry me for love?" "Indeed I would," adds Disraeli, closing the scene with a kiss. Could anything be sweeter or prettier?

Based upon the authoritative statement of the lady herself, Mr. Keibel announces that down to a year before her death,

Madam Disraeli had expended from her own fortune one hundred thousand pounds—half a million dollars—toward the “promotion” of her husband. Here, for the first time, do we have an approximation of the cost of exploiting an ambitious young Briton!

An attempt is made to remove the general impression that Disraeli was always cynical. Mr. Kebbel asked a favor for a friend that brought this characteristic reply: “My acquaintance with Mr. — was slight: he borrowed of me a not inconsiderable sum, but I never heard from him again. I do not overappreciate gratitude, nor am I inclined to be exacting in such matters.”

This volume covers the field of British Toryism for the past fifty years. Mr. Kebbel’s anecdotes of the Tory Clubs, Tory Journalism and Tory Sportsmen are like cloves in a choice Westphalia ham. Every prominent character of the Disraelian era figures in some incident. The cleverest words Thackeray uttered about great men were arranged thus: “They may be as mean on many points as you or I, but they carry their great air. They speak of common life more largely and generously than do common men. They regard the world with a manlier countenance and see its real features more fairly than do timid shufflers who only dare to look at life through blinkers.” Such, we judge, is the view-point from which Mr. Kebbel, essayist and leader-writer, chose to study his political idol and patron. Long before he met the leader of the “Young England” coterie, Mr. Kebbel had placed upon a pedestal the author of “Vivian Gray” and “Coningsby.” In his Liberal period, Disraeli hadn’t much respect for the Established Church; but when he turned Tory he developed a powerful reverence therefor. Toryism had, as it still has, for corner-stone the indissolubility of the relations between Church and State. Thus it happens that when “Sybil” appeared, its author was seen to have swung into line with Anglicanism. Gladstone always had been an adherent of the Church founded by Henry VIII,—a monarch for whose morals and those of his Stuart successors Disraeli often expressed disgust. A feature of Disraeli’s career that Lord Rowton overlooks is brought out by Kebbel. For more than a hundred years, Disraeli claimed, the Government had been secretly or openly directed by a few great families, some of whose members had contrived to effect lodgment in whatever Ministry was in power. Dis-

raeli frankly preferred a real monarchy to a sham one, like that existent during the reigns of the first and second Georges, at which period, he declared, the Sovereign was nothing more than a Doge! Such views were the guide of his life from the hour in which he became a Tory until he created his Sovereign "Empress of India."

The domestic incidents of this wonderful man's life will chiefly interest the American reader. At his home, Disraeli would stand for hours, with his back to a log fire, talking or in deep thought. His hands were generally placed upon his hips, an attitude that recalls the late Governor Tilden as seen in the executive-room of the old brown-stone Capitol at Albany. A warm personal friendship, we are assured, always existed between Disraeli and Gladstone. However caustic these men's tongues might be in referring to each other on the floor of the House of Commons, Disraeli in private always spoke with admiration of his great rival. Lady Beaconsfield told Mr. Kebbel that after a particularly acrimonious passage at arms in the House, Gladstone would always call at Grosvenor Gate "just to show that he bore no malice."

Disraeli was an admirer of men of the Lord John Russell type,—“men with pluck enough for twenty.” To indulge his humor, says Kebbel, Disraeli in all stages of his career was “fond of talking about great men and great times, without express references to his contemporaries. I have heard him speak highly of Atterbury and his offer to proclaim James III in his lawn sleeves. This was the kind of daring,—the nothing-venture-nothing-have principle,—that appealed to him.” And then Kebbel adds a fine touch: “I dare say he may have repeated to himself on one or two occasions Atterbury's exclamation, ‘Here's the finest cause in Europe lost for want of spirit!’” Thus we behold, outlined as in black and white, the character of Beaconsfield! There are scores of such side-lights in this volume. In his earlier career, for example, Disraeli had been a writer for the newspapers, and to the day of his death he clung to the belief that he would have made a great editor. He was constantly threatening to found “an organ of deep thought.” Several American exploiters of the “long-felt want” could have enlightened my Lord of Beaconsfield.

JULIUS CHAMBERS.